



# WOODEN SPOIL

By  
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Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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## CHAPTER XII.

### Marie Awakes.

Hillary heard from Madeleine almost daily, but they seldom met. Once or twice they made an appointment, but both hated the thought of clandestinity, and Hillary realized the need of concentrating all his thoughts upon his work. Dupont had made three more voyages, and Baptiste, who kept out of sight, had given complete satisfaction. The lumber had brought unexpectedly good prices, and there was now a probability that before navigation closed Hillary would be in a position to carry on till spring. When the winter cutting began, and there was more leisure, Hillary meant to fight out the issue with Rosy. The old man was still partly paralyzed, and he had made no reference of any kind to what had occurred, but his mind was quite clear, and, Madeleine thought, his memory.

Toward the middle of the month the newly discovered spruce supply had all been lumbered. Success seemed now almost assured. Dupont was getting ready to make his last voyage. The snow was not yet deep enough for the teams to be sent into the woods, and Hillary turned his thoughts once more to the island, more from eagerness to explore that part of his domain than from any thought of cutting there that winter.

Hillary was in his office one day when there came a tap at the door, and, to his astonishment, in walked Louis Duval.

The little liquor-seller approached him in an ingratiating manner. "Monsieur Askew," he said, "I am very sorry for that night. I have been away. Now I come back, and Monsieur Tessier tells me that you forgive. Now I come to thank you."

"That's all right, Louis," said Hillary. "You are forgiven, as long as you keep out of that trade of yours. It's a bad business when it's run in the Ste. Marie way."

Louis Duval saffted contemptuously. "I'm out," he announced. "And Simeon's out. And he say he hope you don't hear ill-feeling. Them fellows never pay us a cent. An' I got my head busted open too," he added reflectively.

Hillary sprang to his feet and took the little man by the arms. "Do you mean to tell me Brousseau offered you money to open a saloon in St. Boniface?" he asked.

"Sure he did. He said if I open he set me up, an' he pay me two hundred dollars more if those fellows kill you."

"Good Lord! Is that all I'm worth?" asked Hillary.

"Oh it ain't that," answered Louis. "I guess you're worth more than that much. But Pierre an' Leblanc, they crazy to kill you because you trash Pierre an' you take away Leblanc's business an' his family starve. Maybe he pay them too; maybe they pay him to let them. I don't know. But Pierre an' Leblanc swear they get you yet. An' Simeon's out of the game. An' I want to tell you something, Monsieur Askew, if you won't bust my head open again."

"Your head's quite safe, Louis. What is it?"

"That damn Brousseau promise me two hundred for the other job no' only pay me fifty."

"What other job?"

"For to get them fellows to saw your boom, monsieur."

"So it was sawed, was it?" demanded Hillary furiously.

"Yes, monsieur. I get three fellows from the south shore, an' I fell into the water an' got rheumatiz, an' pay ten dollars for medicines, an' that damn Brousseau—"

"Louis, will you sign your name to that?"

"O' sure, if you get them fellows an' Brousseau first," replied the little man, edging toward the door. Finding that he was not pursued, he halted. "Monsieur Askew, I gone back to my fishing job," he said.

Hillary thought this was a characteristic occupation for Louis to take up, since it affected him several months of idleness before the fishing season opened.

"You have a boat?" he asked, remembering his plan to re-visit the island.

"O' sure," said Louis. "New sails an' rudder—all new except the boat. A ver' fine boat, monsieur."

"Could you take Mr. Connell and myself over to the island and back tomorrow?"

"I think so, monsieur, if the sea ain't running too high."

"Be ready with your boat at one," said Hillary.

It was practically his last chance for six months of visiting the island. He sent a messenger with a note to Lafe at the camp, asking him to be in St. Boniface at noon. Then he wrote his daily letter to Madeleine. He mentioned his projected journey, but nothing else, except his love and his hopes, which were weighty enough.

As he entered the store to mail it in the letter-box there he thought the loners seated about the place looked at him curiously. He had several times noticed a certain furtiveness in their regard, but had each time ascribed it to imagination and dismissed the matter. He did so again. He was walking back when he saw a boy outside the office.

"Captain Dupont says he is ready to sail, monsieur," he said.

"Tell him I'm coming down to speak to him," said Hillary.

He went toward the wharf. Dupont was talking to Baptiste. As he approached, Hillary saw the two cease their conversation and look at him. Then Baptiste walked slowly away toward his vessel. Dupont, who had just received the message from the boy, stood motionless where he had been, waiting.

Hillary became suddenly conscious of an atmosphere of hatred. When he reached Dupont the old man eyed him with the same searching and malignant stare that he had given him on the occasion of their first encounter. But now the eyes that blazed a foot from his own did not relax their gaze. There was a menace there, immediate and hostile, though the face was immobile. It flashed through Hillary's mind that the old man was mad, that his long brooding had at last broken the fragile vessel of the mind.

Disregarding the captain's look, Hillary explained briefly the matter on which he had come. All the while he spoke Dupont continued eyeing him. Hillary began to feel uneasy. "Well, is that clear?" he inquired.

"That much is clear," answered Dupont reluctantly.

"Well, what's the matter, then?" demanded Hillary sharply.

Suddenly he perceived that the old man's face was twisted with passion. His expression was so familiar that Hillary thought he was going to attack him.

But then the face resumed its mask again. Without a word, Dupont swung onto the ship and left him.

Baptiste's vessel was moored next to the wharf. As Dupont crossed it to reach his own, Hillary saw Baptiste on deck, bending over a tarpaulin. The two men did not speak, and Hillary, moved by a sudden impulse, walked the length of the wharf and accosted the little Frenchman.

"Baptiste," he said, "some time ago I told you I didn't know whether you had any knowledge about the cutting of my boom or not. I want to say I'm sorry. I know that you had none, and I shouldn't have spoken as I did." And he put out his hand.

Baptiste looked up. The little man's face was like a thundercloud. He clenched and unclenched his fists fiercely, muttering. Then he dashed Hillary's hand aside with his.

"I don't shake hands with you!" he cried, and the tears began to stream down his cheeks. "You keep out of my way, or I kill you!"

And he rushed below, leaving Hillary utterly dismussed at his behavior.

When Brousseau, driving furiously homeward from the Cluteau, reached the cottage of Jules Dupont, he saw the solitary figure of the girl Marie seated outside the door. He let his horse rest for a breathing spell before continuing up the hill, doffed his hat and saluted her.

"Bonjour, Mademoiselle Dupont," he called heartily.

"Bonjour, Monsieur Brousseau," she answered mechanically.

Brousseau had never been able to force a smile from her lips. For a long time he had dreaded this silent girl, then he had ceased to think about her; of late he had again begun to hate the presence of that lonely figure upon the porch, which was always there whenever he drove into St. Boniface or back to his garish house by the seashore.

The cure had not told Hillary all that related to the old captain's history. But the thread of madness that linked him to the past was spreading into a web that strangled the normal life of the man. Jules Dupont, never one of many words, had been more sulky and morose than ever of late.

During the past week Marie had been terrified at the way her father looked at her. He had never meant



"You Keep Out of My Way or I Kill You!"

very much to her now, when he was about to pass out of her life, she felt no regret.

Her mind went traveling back to her earliest memory. She was on the sea-shore with her mother, watching for the return of the fishing fleet, and her father's boat, and on the shingle lay the sailing boat of a young student from Quebec whom she had seen often at their cottage during her father's

absence. The young man was laughingly inviting her mother to go for a sail. At last the girl consented.

The sail was a very long one. Little Marie, who had fallen asleep, was awakened by the sound of her mother's screaming and the young student's laughing protestations that it was too late in the day to return now. She did not understand all that was said, and her next memory was of a squall lodging in Quebec, and her mother's tear-stained face, and a sense of unhappiness.

Then she was back in the cottage, standing beside the bed on which her dying mother lay, and the sick woman, gripping her hand fast in her burning ones, was repeating a name over and over. "Say it again, child!" she was whispering.

She reiterated this demand over and over again.

"Say it!" she muttered. "Say it, and never forget. And carry it with thee through life, saying it in moments of temptation, that thou mayest remember thy mother and understand. Now we by the Virgin to say it morning and night, and never forget!"

The frightened girl had sworn, catching the words from her mother's lips. She had said the name now and again until it had become engraved upon her memory forever. But it was long before she understood its meaning.

Then she remembered her father shaking her by the arms. "The name thy mother told thee—speak it, Marie!"

"No," answered the little girl obstinately.

He threatened her, but the child of five years pressed her lips together and would not utter a word.

"Listen, Marie! If you tell me thou shalt have everything in the world. A new dress, and thou shalt sail with me upon my ship, and I will buy thee the big doll that opens and shuts her eyes. The name, Marie!"

Marie remained perfectly silent. And for years she resisted her father's threats and promises and pleadings, not understanding that it was a mortal habitation which she could not break. The sight of her dying mother had inflicted a wound in the child's soul that never healed. And every week at first, every month later, the scene with her father was renewed.

She never pretended to have forgotten, as she might well have done. As she grew older her father's outbursts became less frequent. But the insane rage which agitated him grew rather than lessened as the years went by. Sixteen had passed; she was now twenty-one, and she looked back on a childhood that had been a torture.

Her estrangement from her father was as complete as from the village life. At first the scandal had been against her, and later her foolishness had set the tongues of the St. Boniface women to wagging. "Like mother, like daughter"—so runs the hard proverb in every country. Marie Dupont grew up friendless and utterly alone. The girl had never had a friend, nor had she ever even had a sweetheart until six months before.

Pierre, in the course of his peregrinations along the coast, at that time as assistant on a smuggling craft, had come to know the solitary figure that paced the beach. In those days the girl's heart, cut off from natural communion with the young people of St. Boniface, had turned, with the vague yearning of youth, to dreams of the world outside. The repressed spirit seeks its adventures in devious ways; if not in action, then in imagination. Marie Dupont longed for release from her imprisonment, and dreamed of the prince who was some day to come and take her away.

When Baptiste began to show an interest in her she hated him. She had never thought of him as a lover, and hardly as man; he was a part of St. Boniface, of the hateful life that encompassed her, clutched at her and would not let her go free. She came to invest Baptiste with the qualities of all that she loathed.

Pierre scraped acquaintance with her. He had the intuition of the base man who must force win his victim by guile. He listened to her confidences, shily given to one who, by his wandering life and through the tales that he told, seemed the exact opposite of all those whom she had known. He sent Nanette to see Marie, the prince who was some day to come and take her away.

Nanette was not bad; like most of her kind she was below normal mentality. When her lover, who had brought her to St. Marie, abandoned her, she worked in a large and cheap lumberman's summer boardinghouse.

Pierre promised her that the man would return to her if she obeyed him. She met Marie upon the beach, and instigated her into her confidence. At last she took her to Simeon's dance hall.

The lights, the dancing, and the music were a revelation to her. On the first night she cried from happiness. Wholly ignorant of life, her innocence protected her and sealed her consciousness. And Simeon's place was better in the early summer of that year than afterward, and some of the lumbermen would bring their sweethearts there.

The girl's innocence found an ally in the lumbermen, who protected her, and she was, in fact, as safe there as in her home. Pierre was angry at first, but afterward he was glad, for he saw her dancing in Simeon's place and began to conceive an infatuation for her. He renewed his advances, telling her of Quebec, of the free life of the world beyond. When her imagination was kindled and her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled at the picture, he asked her to accompany Nanette with him on board his vessel, come to Quebec, and marry him.

That was three days before, and it was of this that the girl was thinking as her father walked her toward the cottage after his meeting with Hillary. On the same day Dupont, running a small load along the shore, had learned the gossip about his daughter from a gabbling woman at Ste. Therese, twenty-five miles away.

so far the news had traveled. She had gone to Ste. Marie in his absence, to dance with Hillary, who assuredly had a wife in his own country; if he had not, he was not likely to seek one among the habitants.

The story burned into the captain's brain. It was the solvent of his sanity, the snapping of the only bond that linked him to the common life. For Marie's sake he had hidden his heart this score of years, and silenced those impulsive voices calling to him to leave all and go out into the world and seek the sign which was to be found branded upon some stranger's forehead.

He stood at the cottage door, looking at his daughter, who had risen and faced him. Jean Baptiste remained outside.

"I sail for Quebec tonight," said Dupont. "Jean waits two days to complete his cargo."

She nodded; her thoughts were far away. But it came across her mind, with momentary compassion, that she would never see her father again.

"Perhaps I shall not see thee again," said Dupont somberly; and the words, echoing her own thoughts, frightened her. She shrank away, and Dupont put out his hands and grasped her by the wrists. "The name!" he said.

She shook her head; she never spoke when he made this demand.

"The name I have been very patient with thee. Now thy reason for withholding it is gone. The name!"

"What do you want?" she stammered.

"The name!" he raved; and for the first time since her childhood he



He Raised His Clenched Fist as If to Strike Her.

raised his clenched fist as if to strike her.

Baptiste, outside, heard him and saw the gesture. He came running up to the cottage door and caught Dupont by the arm. The captain hesitated; then, collecting himself, as a new thought came to him, he allowed Baptiste to lead him back to the schooner.

The new thought was that if Marie would not give in, he would prevent a repetition of her mother's history.

It held him, as a dream holds a madman, and he grew cunning and concealed it, and joked with his hands during the voyage until they wondered what was the matter with him, and whether he was forgetting his obsession as he grew old.

Baptiste, having seen Dupont aboard, went back. Marie was seated in the doorway again; the incident had ceased to trouble her. Nothing would trouble her again. Baptiste saw the quick start of suspicion as he approached.

"Forgive me if I annoy thee, Marie," he said humbly. "Thou knowest—"

"Yes, Jean, I know that you have persecuted me more than all St. Boniface," she answered.

"Pierre," he cried passionately, "I could know that thou wast safe here, I should never trouble thee again."

She turned on him angrily. "Well, I can take care of myself," she answered. "If I choose to go to Ste. Marie, what is it to you? Besides, there will be no more dancing until next summer."

"But he is here," persisted Baptiste stubbornly.

"Who?" she cried in agitation, fearing that he had discovered her secret. "He—Monsieur Askew. At first I feared it was Black Pierre; but he swore to me that it was not so, on the second day after the work on the boom began." So Baptiste reckoned time. "And he swore it was Monsieur Askew loved thee."

Marie burst into reckless laughter.

"I know that thou canst never care for me," Baptiste persisted. "But if he wrongs thee I kill him. Note well—I kill him!"

Marie laughed bitterly and more loudly. It was amusing to spite and deceive St. Boniface, even through Baptiste. Yet, when he was gone back to his schooner, something that she did not understand quite unexpectedly rose in her throat and choked her. She wanted to call him back. She was amazed; St. Boniface was growing dear to her. It was becoming what it had never been, her home. She looked out of her window and saw her father's schooner depart, with flapping sails, under the moon. She pictured Baptiste asleep aboard his vessel. The little man had been kind to her. She wept.

Presently there came the faintest tap at the door. She opened it noiselessly. A shadow was waiting there.

"C'est toi, Nanette?"

Newport & Providence  
Street Ry Co.

JUNE 1, 1918.

Cars Leave Washington  
Square for Providence  
WEEK DAYS—6:50, 7:40, 8:50 A.  
M., then each hour to 8:50 P. M.  
SUNDAYS—7:50 A. M., then each  
hour to 9:50 P. M.

## ON DUTY, AS EVER

Ex-Sergeant Merely In Another  
Line of Trenches.In Fact, One-Time Commander Thought  
Him More Valuable In Civil Life  
Than During the Hot  
Days in France.At breakfast that morning, says a  
contributor to London Punch, Joyce  
had announced firmly that if I really  
loved her I would take the pattern  
up to town with me and "see what  
I could do." What she failed to realize  
was that, if I ventured alone into the  
midst of so intimately feminine a  
world as Bibby & Benn's for the pur-  
pose of matching stuff called pink  
georgette, I should become virtually  
incapable of doing anything at all.The only redeeming feature about  
the whole nerve-racking business was  
that he found me as soon as he did."Good afternoon, sir!" he said in a  
most ingratiating voice. "What can we  
have the pleasure of showing you,  
sir?"He was tall and handsome, with a  
perfectly waxed mustache and a fault-  
less frock coat. He bowed before me  
with a solicitous curve to his broad  
shoulders, and the way he unsnugged  
one hand with the other had a highly  
soothing effect."Pink georgette, sir? Certainly, sir!"  
To my inexpressible relief, he seemed  
to consider it the most likely in the  
world."Miss Robinson," he called; "pink  
georgette."With a polite wave of the hand, he  
motioned me toward the lady. He hor-  
nered about while I opened the bit of  
tissue paper containing the pattern  
and murmured my needs to Miss  
Robinson. His very presence gave me  
confidence.When it was all over, he came up  
and led me away. As we emerged into  
the stronger light near the door I peer-  
ed at him closely. Then I touched him  
on the arm and beckoned him behind  
a couple of Paris models.I took hold of his hand and wrung  
it fervently."Sergt. Steel," I said, "you always  
did have the knack of being in the  
right spot at the right moment. I have  
not set eyes on you since that hot day  
in 1916, when you brought up the  
remnants of 14 platoon and pulled me  
out of that tight corner at Guillemeau.  
That was a valuable bit of work,  
sergeant, but nothing to this—simply  
nothing!"The softest curve had straightened  
ed out from his broad shoulders. His  
hands had ceased their soothing uns-  
sing. His heels were together, his  
arms glued to his sides, his eyes glar-  
ing at a fixed point directly over the  
top of my head."Thought it was you, sir, as soon  
as I saw you. But of course I wasn't  
going to say anything till you did." It  
was not the ingratiating voice now, but  
that rasping half-whisper, he always  
used for nocturnal conferences in the  
front line. "Never heard anything of  
you, sir, since you went down with a  
blighty after Guillemeau. Beg your  
pardon, sir, but you looked a bit wind-  
y as you came in just now, so I thought  
I'd keep in support.... Yes, sir, got  
my ticket last month—only been back  
on my old job a fortnight."I tapped the parcel that Miss Robi-  
nson's own fair hands had made up for  
me."This is a good issue, sergeant?" I  
asked. "Sound, reliable, and all that?""Couldn't be better, sir. I had my  
eye on her. We only drew it ourselves  
lately. That's the stuff to give 'em....a perfect match.... exquisite  
blending of color.... those art shades  
are to be very fashionable this season,  
I assure you, sir."Incredibly his hands had resumed  
their message, the solicitous curve had  
returned to his broad shoulders, his  
voice was ingratiating again."We have a large range of all dainti-  
est materials. I believe our charmeuse,  
voiles and crepe de chine to be un-  
rivalled, sir. A little damp underfoot  
to-day, sir, but warmer—much warmer.  
Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! Good day,  
sir!"And Sergt. Steel (D. C. M. and four  
chevrons) bowed me into the street.

## Huns Have a Town Crier.

The officers of the regiment have  
nothing on the burgomaster of Polch  
when it comes to having a striker. The  
only difference is that he is a clangor,  
for he rings the bell to announce new  
tidings to the populace. For instance,  
if the square-heads are not on the  
square with Americans and a fine is  
imposed, the clangor of Helnle's hard  
luck must be published broadcast. So  
the chief mogul of Polch crooks his  
finger and explains the mission to the  
bell ringer, who in turn goes to each  
street corner announcing that Herr  
Hassenhofer has been fined 500 marks  
for not having the outhouse door un-  
locked. All this time the bell plays a  
clangor accompaniment. — Barrage  
Polch, Germany.

## WOODEN SPOIL

Continued from Page 2

and pointed. Through the scrub they  
could see Jacques Brousseau coming  
out of an aperture in the cliff, a deep  
but narrow cleft that opened toward  
the base into a wide recess.Jacques saw them at the same time  
and stood motionless. As Lafe and  
Hilary advanced he seemed to be gal-  
vanized into life. He rushed toward  
them, screaming, his face convulsed  
with fury.Hilary cast his eyes about to ascer-  
tain the cause of the old man's fury.  
He saw, near the cave's mouth, a large  
club of granite, and a heavy hammer  
lying beside it."Let's see what he's got there," he  
said. "It doesn't look like traps to  
me."The sun, now very low, shone full  
into the interior. It revealed a cavernous  
depth, whose recesses were lost in  
gloom, a high arch, and the remnants  
of many fires on the granite slabs that  
paved it almost as regularly as those  
of a city sidewalk. Somebody had  
camped here for a long time—pos-  
sibly Jacques, though he must have  
burned a whole cord of wood, to judge  
from the charred remnants that were  
scattered everywhere."Look!" shouted Lafe, pointing.  
The ground was covered with frag-  
ments of some sort of ore, and a trail  
of chips and dust led out of the mouth  
of the cave into another recess among  
the rocks. Among the brambles, under  
a roughly constructed roof, was a  
small hand machine, consisting in the  
main of two steel rollers, white with  
crushed rock."Looks like a hand flour-mill," said  
Lafe. "I thought maybe it might be  
gold. But it ain't gold. Alluvial's  
washed in a stream, and quartz gold  
has to be got with cyanide."A pick next caught their eyes. Some-  
body, or party, rather, had been work-  
ing at the rocks, apparently to take  
samples of some ore; but there was  
certainly no gold in the Laurentian  
granite.Suddenly Lafe uttered an exclama-  
tion and, stooping down, plucked up a  
matted handful of some fibrous, wool-  
like material that had been stuffed  
into a cleft. He pulled out yet another  
handful, and more and more—stiff  
wool, yet of a stony consistency—span-  
stone, if such a thing were possible."Rock flax!" he exclaimed. "I seen  
it down Thetford way years ago. Mr.  
Askew. Look there! The cliff's alive  
with it!"

"Asbestos!" cried Hilary.

"A regular asbestos quarry!" said  
Lafe. "There's thousands of dollars'  
worth here. Look at it!"Hilary could see now that the coarse  
fibers ran through the side of the cliff  
in every direction. They were so  
blended with the mottled stone that  
he had not even noticed them."That accounts for everything," he  
said."Yes, Mr. Askew. I guess Brous-  
seau wasn't paying all those hands at  
Ste. Marie and pretending to work his  
units just to jump your timber rights.  
I knew he had something up his sleeve,  
but I didn't know what. I knew there  
wasn't no gold round here.""So that's why he wants to get me  
out of the way.""That's the whole game, sir. He  
knew you'd hit upon this mine sooner  
or later, though he'd left the island  
off the map of the seignior. Lord,  
what a fool I was not to have known!""There's more to it than that, Lafe.  
That's why he tried to draw us off the  
scout on the subject of the river bound-  
ary. He thought that if he could get  
into a fight with us over that we  
wouldn't be thinking of the island.  
And this mine belongs to Rosny. No  
wonder Brousseau wants the seignior!"

"It's as good as a play," said Lafe.

"It gives us the trump card," said  
Hilary. "It means that he'll lose his  
hold over him, and—well, Lafe, I feel  
too happy to say any more about it."Lafe grabbed him by the hand.  
"We've won," he said ecstatically.  
"And now I guess we'd best be start-  
ing for the boat."They retraced their steps along the  
trail. It was a nervous experience,  
with the thought that old Jacques  
might be lurking in the bushes nearby.  
However, by the time they reached the  
little open space they satisfied them-  
selves that he was not following them."We've passed our landing place,"  
said Hilary.Looking out across the gray waters  
he perceived, close at hand, and ap-  
parently beached on the shore, the  
white sail of a sloop. It seemed to be  
the vessel which they had seen earlier  
that afternoon, tacking toward the  
south shore.The men looked at each other, and  
the same unspoken question was in  
the eyes of each. Then Lafe grabbed  
Hilary by the shoulders."See here!" he said. "We ain't go-  
ing to stay and fight Brousseau's gang  
just for the fun of it. I guess it's  
Pierre and Leblanc in that boat all  
right, and that they're on their way  
home. We beat it for ours as hard as  
we can go—see? You ain't fit to do  
no more fighting anyway," he pleaded."And I won't, no matter what happens—  
that's straight to you. I'll fight any  
man with fists if I got to, but I'm  
darned if I'll stand up against that  
scum with camp knives.""You're quite right, Lafe," answered  
Hilary. "Come, let's get to the boat as  
quick as we can."But as they started there rang out a  
woman's cry. Again came the scream;  
and in an instant, forgetful of their  
resolution, they had turned and raced  
back along the trail.Not many steps, and, breaking  
through the trees, they saw Marie Du-  
pont, whose arms stole round her neck,  
and the two girls cried and whispered  
together. Hilary turned away. He  
thought of Madeleine, and breathed a  
prayer that their lives might run to-  
gether, and that they might strive to-  
gether for the right all their days.He turned back into the boat. "Now,  
Marie, no word of this night's doings  
shall ever pass my lips," he said. "But,  
Marie, your life is unhappy. There is  
a good man in St. Boniface who cares  
for you. Do you think that you couldknocked her down savagely. Then,  
without another glance at Hilary, he  
made for the sloop.Leaving Pierre where he had fallen,  
Lafe joined in the pursuit. But Le-  
blanc had several yards' start, and his  
experience of Hilary's prowess lent  
wings to his feet. He plunged into the  
water and, by a miracle of strength,  
swung the sloop clear of the sand on  
which she had been beached. As the  
vessel was carried clear by the swift-  
flowing tide the ex-fisher scrambled  
aboard, dripping, and pushed off with  
the oar. Lafe and Hilary stood, baf-  
fled, upon the brink of the water, while  
Leblanc, at an ever increasing  
distance, began to put up the sail, shouting  
back defiant curses meanly.They heard a sound of feet upon  
the shingle behind them, and turned  
quickly. It was Pierre, but he was  
bolling for the woods. They ran at  
him, but he had gained the shelter of  
the trees, and it was growing too dark  
to follow. They stopped and looked  
back. Leblanc was now quite a distance  
from the island, and making for the  
north shore upon the incoming tide."Let's go," said Hilary, and he took  
Marie gently by the arm. She went  
with him obediently, and Lafe followed  
with Nanette, whose lip was  
swollen from Leblanc's blow.The tide was running fairly for St.  
Boniface. It was almost dark now,  
but the wind had died away and the  
stars were brilliant. Hilary, taking  
off his overcoat, wrapped it about  
Marie. The girl's bewilderment had  
yielded to abject gratitude. She  
lashed Hilary's hand to her lips and  
pressed it. Beside her Nanette, wrapped  
in Lafe's waterproof, was sobbing  
wildly and wiping her wounded lips.  
The words that passed were drawn in the sound of the  
lapping waves before they reached the  
ears of Louis, the tiller."Now, what happened?" asked Hilary.  
"Tell me, and we'll clap those ruffians into jail, I assure you. How did they get you into that boat?"Marie sobbed out her explanation;  
but when Hilary gathered, with difficulty  
from the broken words, stemmed in French,  
that she had gone aboard with Pierre to marry him in  
Quebec, he could hardly believe his  
ears."And your father knows nothing of this?" he inquired, when she had  
ended."He knows nothing, monsieur. Ah,  
monsieur, you saved me before, and I  
—I was ungrateful. Promise me,  
swear to me, that he shall never  
know!""And you, Nanette," continued Hilary,  
addressing the weeping girl,  
"what have you to say, who lured her  
here, knowing this?""I did not know, monsieur," cried  
Nanette. "Pierre told me that if I  
brought him he would get me back my  
sweetheart."

"Leblanc, eh?"

"Oui, monsieur. Then he took me  
to Quebec, and we got married. And he  
promised me a wedding ring of  
gold, monsieur.""And he told you that he was going  
to marry Marie?""Oui, monsieur, we all go to Quebec  
together. Only just before we land  
he told me that we all stay on the  
island together first, and have a holi-  
day.""Nanette, Leblanc never intended  
to marry you," said Hilary. "They  
were using you to get Marie into  
Pierre's power. Nanette!"He bent toward her and touched  
her on the shoulder. She looked up at  
him, her lips quivering, her face pa-  
thetic as a scolded child's."Is it long since you left your  
home?"

"Two years, monsieur."

"Nanette, you were a child then, like  
Marie here? Leblanc came to you and  
told you of the great world outside,  
and how he would marry you and be  
kind to you. Two years have passed,  
and he has ruined your life, and he  
has not kept his promise, and still he  
deceives you with his promises. Would  
you go back to him?"

"Never, monsieur! He struck me—

Not in just anger, as a man  
strikes his wife who nags him, but be-  
cause he was afraid. See where his  
fist fell—sca!"Yes, Nanette, even as Leblanc did  
to you, you would have had Pierre do  
to Marie here.""Monsieur! I thought he was to  
marry her. Pierre told me, if I bring  
Marie to Ste. Marie no harm is done,  
because he loves her and he wishes to  
be kind to you. Two years have passed,  
but he has not been a living, warm part  
of her, it now felt cold and  
heavy, and lifeless."Her eyes, lighting upon Marie's face,  
and then Nanette's, sought Hilary's in  
astonishment. But she asked nothing,  
and waited. Her hand, which had  
rested upon his arm, remained there.  
But whereas it had been a living,  
warm part of her, it now felt cold and  
heavy, and lifeless.Then out of the crowd burst Jean  
Baptiste, screaming. He ran toward  
Hilary. A knife was flashing in his  
hand. His onset was so swift that it  
took Hilary and Madeleine completely  
by surprise. As the little man closed  
with them the two girls, walking past, Hilary  
caught the knife hand by a miracle of  
luck, and all the time he fought Baptiste  
never ceased shouting.

"Let me get at him!" he panted.

"I fought them. I waited. I did not  
sleep. I took her last night to the  
island. I swore to kill him. Let me  
go! Let me go!"His voice rang high above the  
shrieks of the frightened girls and the  
shouts of the men. They had closed  
about him now, but for the fourth  
time he broke through and made for  
Hilary, the knife held low now, ready  
for the ripping upward stroke. Hilary  
grasped at his arm again and missed.The knife flashed back—and then in  
an instant Madeleine stood where Baptiste  
had been, and the blood dripped from  
her sleeve. And still she had not  
uttered a sound.They had got Baptiste down now,  
still fighting like a wild beast.He seized her arm and tore the  
sleeve away. There was a gash, long,  
but not deep, from which the blood  
was welling. He sat beside himself  
with mingled fury and fear. He began  
to bind it with his handkerchief, the  
fetid cold arm that had been warm  
against his shoulder. But Madeleine  
drew herself away."It is nothing," she said, and began  
to walk toward the head of the wharf.Her rig was waiting there, the horse  
harnessed by a boy.

Hilary walked by her side, speaking

—he never remembered what it was he  
said—imploring; Madeleine said nothing.  
Nothing until she reached the  
carriage step. Drops of blood marked  
her progress. There she paused and  
looked at him. He could see her face  
now in the light of the boy's lantern,  
and it was neither scornful nor proud,  
but very hard—like the Seigneur.

Hilary thought afterward

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**The Mercury.**

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Saturday, January 24, 1920

The next Republican National Convention to be held in the city of Chicago commencing on June 8 next, will be an exceedingly important one. For that Convention will undoubtedly nominate the next President and Vice President of these United States. Is that Convention Rhode Island will have ten delegates, four at large, commonly designated as the big four, and two from each of the three Congressional districts. It is generally conceded that His Excellency Governor Beckman will be one of the "big four," and for one of the delegates from the First Congressional district, Colonel Edward A. Sherman of the Daily News is favorably mentioned.

February 10 is the date set for voting on the bond issue of \$2,500,000 for the soldiers' bonus and the \$500,000 bridge bond issue. On these issues all classes of voters can register their desires, the registry voter as well as the taxpayer, while in the towns and cities of the State only taxpayers can vote on the question of appropriations. There is something very funny about that distinction, but the decision was made some years ago when the vote on the bond issue for the new State House in Providence was taken. The vote in February will be small, as the entire list of voters in the State is only 65,181, which is 37,465 less than in 1918. This difference is in the registry vote.

We are glad the question is settled. We have always felt that Eve was an unjustly blamed woman. A Philadelphia investigator has proclaimed that Eve did not induce Adam to eat the fateful apple; that Adam did not eat the apple at all, but that old Noah, after landing from the Ark, and doubtless being tired of canned foods during his long voyage, actually ate the apple that has caused the human race all this punishment through thousands of years. Be that as it may, the verdict concerning Eve sets our mind at rest. Philadelphia has been called a slow town. The denizens of that place are said not to be able to eat snails because they are unable to catch them, but there is nothing slow about this investigator of ancient history.

## UNPRECEDENTED SITUATION

The United States faces a crisis as difficult and threatening as any situation in its history. Never before was it in such need of strong, brainy, common sense intelligence and constructive thinking.

Since January 1, 1919, the United States has been as badly off as it had had no president at all. President Wilson spent six months of his previous time in Europe, working over the League of Nations. Meanwhile, forces of disturbance and turmoil were growing in this country, and no plans were formed to check them.

When he returned, his attention was principally concentrated on the League of Nations. Congress was forced to give its attention to that. The problems of reconstruction, the most critical and difficult the nation ever faced, were allowed to drift.

As the result of attempting to do everything himself and not share his responsibilities with other people, Mr. Wilson was taken very critically ill. He is still practically a sick man. He has the abnormal view of a man in ill health. The country would have been far better off, if when he was taken sick the responsibilities of his office had been passed over to the Vice President.

Mr. Wilson has the deep sympathy of the country in his depressing illness. Everyone desires his early and complete recovery. But the country has its critical problems to face, and the need for immediate action for self preservation. The President is hampered by his unwillingness to accept counsel. He cannot adjust himself to practical life. The United States has paid a terrific price for placing its destinies in the hands of a man lacking the gift of common sense.

## AMERICA'S POSITION

The United States at this moment is in the position of a fat and wealthy citizen, who is surrounded by a group of hungry and miserable people, some of whom have no scruples about high way robbery, and most of whom feel bitter and envious in the sight of his prosperity.

While the United States almost riots in extravagance, the nations of Europe still have barely enough to eat and wear. Naturally Uncle Sam is not popular.

The rich man who shuts himself off from his neighbors, who devotes himself to the enjoyment of his abundance, and does nothing to help the community to solve its problems, is looked upon as a shirker and a slacker. So with the United States. It can not safely adopt an aloof attitude to the rest of the world. It must give food generously to the starving, and help clothe the naked. While it ought not to be called on to help settle all the little quarrels of Europe, yet in the

present crisis, it ought to do something to help quiet the chaos of the world.

For some such reasons, many people who a few years ago would have considered it out of the question for the United States to take a "mandate" for the control of Armenia, believe it might be worth undertaking at the present time. If the United States will do something to help settle world affairs, it will have more friends. Also the chances that Europe will be overturned by anarchy will be lessened.

The want and suffering that prevails in the war devastated countries is beyond realization. No words can express the tragic experiences of such a people as the Armenians, of whom more than a million have been massacred, and nearly as many sold to revolting slavery. The United States cannot, with self-respect, emulate the Priest and the Levite of old who passed by on the other side.

## BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

## Golf Links Proposed

The Block Island Athletic Association is in receipt of a communication from a representative of the local hotel men regarding the establishment of a golf course on the Island.

This is something that has long been needed on Block Island, especially in the summer season, as many vacationists are diverted to other resorts where golf links are available.

Within another week a special meeting will be held to which the hotel proprietors will be invited and if present plans mature, a special Golf committee will be appointed to take charge of the project with a view to having the course in operation the coming summer.

The Athletic Association has an option on a piece of land which is said, on account of its natural hazards, to be exceptionally well adapted to golf. "Let the progressive spirit continue."

## Eighth Market Whist Held

The eighth market whist and dance of the Athletic Association was held last Saturday night at the K. of C. Naval Club. The affair was, as usual, largely attended, ninety-seven coming in via the ticket route. As the season advances these whists with their attendant dances are becoming more and more popular, hardly a person ever leaving the hall until the final strains of the "good-night" waltz are inaudible.

The following were the awards for the eighteen hands of whist:

Rowland MacDonald (43 points), leg of lamb.

Miss Marion Fenner (38 points), 6 lbs. shoulder.

Miss Elsie Maloof (32 points), fancy box Russell's chocolates.

Claude Mitchell (30 points), bag Gold Medal flour.

Burl Sharp (28 points), 1 chicken.

Miss Lorrie Sprague, 5 lbs. sugar.

Horatio Millikin, 2 lbs. Lipton's coffee.

Miss Laura Millikin, market basket.

Consolations, Mrs. Nottie Day, Wifred Ament.

Special prize to first person scoring 19 points, Burl Sharp, 2 lbs. sugar.

The Athletic Association's orchestra furnished the musical numbers for the two hours' dancing.

Eleven new members were admitted to the Association during the evening.

## Victory Celebration

On Thursday evening, January 15, the local branch of the W. C. T. U. held Jubilee or Victory exercises at the First Baptist Church in honor of the adoption of the 18th amendment to the Constitution, which at midnight became operative, prohibiting the manufacture, exportation, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors throughout the United States. A fine program was presented in two sections.

## 1. Song Service

## Dialogue—Enforcing the Law

By Uncle Sam, Columbia, L. T. L. White Ribbons.

## Address—Enforcement

Mrs. H. A. Roberts

Address—The 18th Amendment

Mrs. Almanza Rose

Address—The Work of the W. C. T. U.—Mrs. C. C. Ball, President

## Internation

## Collation

Address—Woman's Franchise

Mrs. Hope Rose

Address by Dr. H. A. Roberts,

Pastor of 1st Baptist Church.

## Hour of Prayer

At midnight the bells of the Chapel pealed forth the glad tidings and ushered in the New Year for National Prohibition.

Despite the severity of the night a large audience was privileged to enjoy the program of unusual merit.

## The "Aunt Eppie" Wrecked

Deacon Sharp's ice boat "Aunt Eppie" was demolished last Sunday afternoon in a race with Millard Mitchell's "Flying Cootie" at Sachem Pond. With a 55-mile gale raging from the northwest the two speeders started down the course with everything set. All went well until half way across the pond when the "Aunt Eppie," leading by about a length, swung to, going not less than 50 miles per hour and snapped off her mast. The Deacon made a quick departure from his gilder and sailed across the ice some four hundred yards, touching only upon his backbone, while the "Cootie" finished the course in record time, still on three skates. "Gene Kit," Millard's first mate, lost his breath and hat at the same time, and as yet has not recovered the latter. When about to make the homeward start it was discovered that the auto truck was "frozen," so the remains of the "Aunt Eppie's" mast and sail were fitted on the machine and a fair wind propelled the automobile and the entire crew a distance of four miles to the Old Harbor village. This is the first time that the wind has ever been successfully harnessed up to provide the motive power for an automobile on Block Island.

Specke Rose is constructing a new ice boat and has christened her "Merry Widow."

## Daughters of Liberty Hold Whist

The third weekly whist of the Daughters of Liberty was held last Monday night in Mohican Hall. The first prize, a leather collar bag, was taken by Robert Mitchell. Hiram Day

won the second prize, a leather card case and cards, while the third honors went to Mrs. Sarah Sheffield, who received a cut glass dish. Chester Mott and Miss Elizabeth Haldie were awarded the consolation honors.

Two of the local hotel proprietors have each presented the Block Island Athletic Association with checks for \$25.00. These gifts were entirely unsolicited but are greatly appreciated by the boys.

## Dancing Class Popular

In spite of a terrible northeast blizzard and accompanying snow, thirty members of the dancing class turned out last Monday night at the K. of C. Naval Club and for two hours manipulated their pedal extremities in a truly jazz manner. The opportunities offered by this school are appreciated by the young people as evidenced by the constantly increasing attendance and enrollment.

## New Jitney Line Opens

The "Sun-Set Limited," a motor-bus line plying between the West Side and Old Harbor was put into operation last Monday morning. Brainerd Day has been engaged as chauffeur and Zeko Rose conductor. Following the usual custom of all transportation companies the first trip to the Harbor was "free-for-all." Included among the passengers on this notable trip was John Rose, local hardware dealer, Bert Alves and a well known bicycle rider.

## Date for Minstrels Set

A real old-fashioned nigger minstrel show, with coon songs, jokes andug dancing, will be given Monday night, January 26, at 8 o'clock in Mechanics Hall. The Athletic Association is putting it on this time and it is said they have the "goods." The admission will be 60 cents.

## Funeral Services Held

The funeral services for the late James N. Mitchell were held last Wednesday afternoon from the Center Methodist Church, Rev. Winfield Arnold officiating. The Arnold quartette rendered several selected hymns for the occasion.

James N. Mitchell was born in Mystic, Conn., December 21, 1884, and came to Block Island when a small boy. For many years, as a young man, he worked on different farms, and later in life took active charge of outside duties around some of the hotels. Mr. Mitchell married Miss Madilia Stewart of Chester, Mass., who survives him, as do one daughter, Mrs. H. T. Mitchell, and a son, Clarence Mitchell, and one brother, John A. Mitchell. The bearers were William Molt, Frank Littlefield, Clark Mitchell and Silas W. Mott. Interment was at the Island Cemetery.

## American Mechanics

Much interest is being shown in the regular meetings of the American Mechanics this winter. On Tuesday evening, in spite of bad weather, there was an exceptionally large attendance. At the conclusion of the business meeting a special entertainment was given, featuring the "Black Rock Jazz Four," assisted by J. Frank Hayes. Specialty numbers were also rendered by Irving Ball and Timbo Bill. A supper was served at the conclusion of the entertainment.

## AN INSULT TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

Writing in the New York Times of January 3, Isaac F. Marcosson says of the peace treaty at the time of the President's return from Europe, "Despite the disappointment over President Wilson's personal performance, there was still hope that the nation which sent him abroad would back him up."

But the nation did not send him abroad. He took himself abroad, in violation of all precedent, and against the judgment of both his political friends and his political opponents. Moreover, he had, but a few weeks before, delivered an address to the people of the country on the eve of an election, in which he said:

"The return of a Republican majority to either House of Congress, would, moreover, certainly be interpreted on the other side of the water as a repudiation of my leadership. . . . If you have approved of my leadership and wish me to continue to be your unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad, I earnestly beg that you will express yourselves uniformly to that effect by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and the House of Representatives."

After making that appeal, President Wilson assured the people that he would accept their verdict "without envy."

The result was the substitution of a Republican for a Democratic majority in both houses—a direct and unmistakable repudiation of the President's leadership.

How, then, can any intellectually honest man say that the American people sent Woodrow Wilson to Europe to speak for them at the peace conference? By every means in their power, the people told him not to speak for them. Can Mr. Marcosson conceive of any other manner in which the people could have expressed themselves?

## To Start a Clock.

The stopping of a clock may be due to clogged wheels. Thoroughly saturate a piece of white cotton with kerosene oil and place it inside the clock case. Probably at the end of a week the cotton will be black with dust that has been loosened by the fumes of the oil and the clock will run as well as ever.

## ATTENTION

## BLOCK ISLAND PEOPLE

Beginning Saturday, January 17th, my new Dental Office, located in the Atmore Allen Cottage at the Center will be open for inspection—Your patronage is respectfully solicited—All work positively guaranteed or your money cheerfully refunded.

Eight years experience in some of the largest cities—Modern methods employed—either gas for extraction or my painless injection.—Special Terms—a small deposit and pay when satisfied with work.

## Dr. HERBERT THRIFT

## DENTAL SURGEON

Telephone 32-8

## PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Newport County Pomona Grange was held on Tuesday afternoon and evening at Fair Hall. The afternoon session opened at 3 o'clock, with Worthy Master Jessie I. Durfee presiding. Among the honored guests seated at his right, were Charles M. Gardner of Westfield, Mass., High Priest of Derner of the National Grange; Palmer Chapman of Westerly, Overseer of the State Grange; Mrs. Palmer Chapman, Flora of the State Grange; Sayles B. Steers of Chepachet, Worthy Master Jessie I. Chase of Middletown, Secretary of the State Grange; and Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown, Past State Master, and present member of the State Executive Committee.

The meeting was opened by a song, followed by roll-call of officers, after which the address of welcome was given by Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox, of Tiverton, Past Master of Pomona.

The Secretary, Miss Clover Hamby, of Tiverton, read her report, stating that there were at present 95 men and 121 women members. Two of the five in the service have not yet recovered their discharge.

The annual report of the Treasurer, Mrs. Warren R. Sherman, was read, after which she was re-elected, as was Mrs. Jessie I. Durfee as Lecturer.

The resolution, presented a month ago, requesting a revision of the laws by an amendment, to hold Pomona meetings afternoon and evenings in place of all-day meetings, was discussed and adopted as amended.

The Secretary read a list of 143 charter members, seven of whom were present. Some have died, others have been transferred, but 22 have held continuous membership.

Mr. Lincoln Sherman, Chairman of the Executive Committee, spoke of the history of the Newport County Pomona Grange, and stated that it was organized at Oakland Hall January 15, 1896, by State Master T. S. Hazen and Mr. George Sisson was its first Master.

Mrs. Helen Olivett sang "Caroline Sunshine" and this was followed by addresses by High Priest Charles M. Gardner and Mrs. Chapman.

A supper was served at 6 o'clock consisting of cold meats, mashed potato, rolls, brown bread, coffee, cake and ice cream. This was under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. William Sowle and was held in the regular dining room. Members of the Pomona Grange acted as waiters.

At 8 o'clock the evening exercises were opened with public installation of officers, conducted by High Priest Gardner, assisted by Lady Assistant Mrs. Clara L. Chase. The following officers were installed:

Worthy Master—Jessie I. Durfee.

Worthy Overseer—Mrs. Florence Sutcliffe of Namaquak Grange.

Steward—Alonzo W. Lawson of Namaquak Grange.

Assistant Steward—Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Namaquak Grange, Tiverton.

Cook—Mrs. William Sowle, Portsmoutn.

Treasurer—William S. Slocum, Aquid

## DANIELS DIDN'T SLUR BRITISH

But Chief of Operations Is Expected to Figure Prominently In Controversy Now Brewing.

## FULL INQUIRY TO BE HELD.

Congress to Demand Name of Man Who Warned "Beware of England," Whose Conduct of Navy to Be Thrashed Out.

Washington.—Secretary Daniels has written to Senator Page of Vermont, chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, a letter in which he denies that he was the official in the navy department who, as alleged by Admiral Sims in his testimony before that committee, orally instructed him not to let the British "pull the wool" over his eyes when he went to London, and that "we would as soon fight the British as the Germans."

This denial from Secretary Daniels would seem to eliminate one high official of the government from those who would be in position to give any instructions to Admiral Sims just before he left Washington for London in March, 1917.

In the navy department itself the next responsible official in position to give instructions, written or oral, to Admiral Sims at the beginning of such a mission would be the chief of naval operations. At the time Admiral Sims went abroad Admiral William B. Benson was chief of naval operations, and as such conferred with Admiral Sims just before he left Washington. Secretary Daniels' denial in his letter to Senator Page is regarded as rather leaving it up to Admiral Benson to explain whether he was the man who made the statement to Admiral Sims.

The sensational arraignment of the policy and conduct of the navy department during the war contained in the letter which Admiral Sims wrote to Secretary Daniels on January 7 and was read by the admiral before a Senate subcommittee will result in a complete investigation of the conduct of the navy department during the great conflict.

Admiral Sims charged that grave errors were committed by those in charge of the administration of the navy; that these were in violation of fundamental military principles; that he was not properly provided with a staff while in London; that his recommendations were turned down when he asked for the dispatch of naval units, or that the ships he sought were greatly delayed in being furnished and cited what he regarded as eleven specific instances of incompetence.

The most profound surprise was created when Admiral Sims read that portion of the letter in which he charged that, on leaving Washington for London just before the American declaration of war against Germany was adopted by Congress, he was told by a person in authority in the navy department that he should not "let the British pull the wool over your eyes," and that "we would as soon fight the British as the Germans."

Secretary Daniels, who had administrative control over the navy department during the war, and Admiral William S. Benson, who was chief of naval operations throughout the war, fully realize that they will have an opportunity to state their side of the case to the congressional investigating committee, and that they preferred not to answer Admiral Sims until they took the witness stand at the capital.

Admiral Benson would not say whether he knew who had given such instructions as those quoted.

There is every indication that the sensational testimony given by Admiral Sims has brought the American navy to the threshold of another controversy that will rank with the famous Decatur-Baron row that followed the exploits of the American navy in the Tripolitan War, and the Schleswig-Holstein controversy which followed the Spanish-American War, and that the principals in the new controversy will be Admiral Sims and Admiral Benson.

Admiral Sims' letter is a carefully prepared arraignment of the whole conduct of the war from the naval point of view.

## HUGE PROFITEERING IN WOOL.

British Firms Charging From 400 to 3,200 Per Cent Excess.

London.—Sensational statements regarding profiteering, particularly by worsted spinners, were made at a meeting of the Central Profiteering Committee. One member of the committee said that the margin of profit fixed by the war office was from 400 to 8,200 per cent, and, he added, these figures were from worsted spinners' own statements made to the Wool Investigating Committee.

## READY TO RETURN SHANTUNG.

Japan Will Negotiate for Province's Re-transfer to China.

Tokio.—The Japanese government is ready to discuss Shantung, according to word which has been received by the newspapers.

The authorities have sent instructions to the minister of China that Japan, having succeeded to Germany's rights in Shantung January 10, by virtue of the Treaty of Peace, was ready to negotiate at any time for their return of the province.

Through Stone & Webster of Boston the Hartford Electric Light Company has arranged for the purchase of the big Connecticut Power Company, which lately has been operating a gigantic hydroelectric power on the Connecticut river and western Connecticut under a very liberal charter with state wide powers.

ROBERT P. BRINDELL.

President of the New York Building Trades Council.



Robert P. Brindell, president of the New York Building Trades Council, is the highest paid labor leader in the country, if not in the world. He is paid \$18,000 annually for his services.

## WHAT MUST NOT BE DONE UNDER DRY LAW

Country Will Be Under Technical Operation of Two Sets of Prohibition Regulations.

Washington.—National prohibition is now a law of the land.

Saturday, January 17, 1920, saw the accomplishment of the ultimate objective in the long, hard fought legal battle for the suppression of alcohol in the United States.

Technically the nation will be under two sets of prohibition laws, for wartime prohibition does not come to an end with the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

There are no more loopholes and technicalities such as existed under wartime prohibition to enable a man with a commanding thirst to obtain what he wanted at the risk of nothing but his own conscience and the good standing of the dealer whom he patronized. Hereafter the man who drinks is as guilty as the man who serves a drink.

Under constitutional prohibition it is unlawful:

To buy or sell a drink anywhere except for sacramental or medicinal purposes.

To give or take a drink anywhere except in the home of the man who owns it.

To keep any liquor in storage anywhere but in your own home.

To try to get such reserves out of storage.

To carry a pocket flask.

To have more than two drinking residences—one in the country and one in the city.

To restock your home supply when it runs out.

To manufacture anything above one-half of one per cent in your home.

To move your home supply from one house to another without obtaining a permit. To get this you must prove that you came by the supply before July 1, 1919.

To display any liquor signs or advertisements on your premises.

To buy, sell or use a home still or any other device for making liquor in the home.

To buy or sell any formulas or recipes for home made liquor.

To make a present of a bottle of liquor to a friend.

To receive such a present from a friend.

Concessions to British Rail Men.

London.—Sir Eric Geddes, minister of transport, informed a delegation of railway men that the government is prepared to make concessions to the railway men on the wage question, but is unwilling to give way on the general principle of its recent offer.

## WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—Campaign chairman promises \$2,500,000 here at opening of bond drive for "Irish Republic."

HELSINKI.—Russia welcomes Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman and the other Reds from the Soviet area without a cheer after long wait of "undesirables" for pledge of safety.

PARIS.—The election of Deputy Paul Deschanel to the presidency of the French Republic by 784 votes out of 880 cast, while it came as a small surprise after the preliminary vote, dropped like a bombshell among Premier Clemenceau's friends and partisans.

BERLIN.—The Bolsheviks are sending Chinese regiments to the Baltic front, where the Reds have repulsed the Reds in the direction of Pskov, and Polish troops have captured the greater part of the German occupation force near Argens.

PARIS.—Demand that the former Kaiser be surrendered for trial has been served upon Holland by the Supreme Court of the League of Nations.

WASHINGTON.—Huge terminals and bases of the United States army along Atlantic coast and gulf to be leased to private concerns.

Twenty resolutions, including one to give New Hampshire women full suffrage immediately without waiting for national ratification of the federal amendment, awaited the action of the constitutional convention. Work was resumed immediately, as all committees were held over from adjournment in June, 1918.

Through Stone & Webster of Boston the Hartford Electric Light Company has arranged for the purchase of the big Connecticut Power Company, which lately has been operating a gigantic hydroelectric power on the Connecticut river and western Connecticut under a very liberal charter with state wide powers.

MME. PEZET.

Wife of the Ambassador From Peru to the U. S.



Mme. Pezet is the wife of the ambassador from Peru to the United States. She is well known and popular in Washington.

## UNITED STATES ARMY HAS SCHOOL CONTEST

Offers Prizes for Best Essays on Benefits of Enlistment In Regular Force.

Washington.—Secretary of War Baker on May 5 next will present to three school children medals for having written the three best essays on the subject "What Are the Benefits of Enlistment in the United States Army?"

The winner of the first prize will be given a gold medal, the second will receive a silver medal and the winner of the third a bronze one. In addition, silver cups will be given the winners, which will become the permanent property of the schools they represent.

The essays are to be not longer than 400 words and will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and expression. There will be no age limit, but the age of each contestant will be taken into consideration in judging the essays.

The essays will be written on February 20, and a board of three teachers will select the best composition in each school. This essay will be forwarded not later than February 27 to the district recruiting officer, who will have a board of three, named by himself, select the best essay submitted from all the schools in his district. This essay will thereafter be sent to Washington, where the national board, consisting of Secretary Baker, General Pershing and General March, will select the best three submitted by the 50 recruiting districts in the country.

An announcement of winners will be made on April 19, the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington.

## CONGRESS FIGURES ON TWENTY WEEKS SESSION

House Leaders Plan to Adjourn by Saturday, June 5.

Washington.—Twenty weeks, in the opinion of Speaker Gillett and Rep. Leon L. Mandell, should suffice Congress to finish its legislative "titl" and adjourn by Saturday, June 5. This date, it is figured, will allow time for Republicans to assemble at Chicago for their national convention, in statement to the house Mr. Mandell said:

"We ought to be able to pass the last of the regular appropriation bills through the house not later than the first of April, and earlier if possible, and I am very much in hopes that we may be able to dispose of the business before Congress adjourns by Saturday, June 5.

"The date which I have suggested will give us 20 weeks, or 120 legislative days, after the end of this week, and much ought to be accomplished in that time."

Only One of 474 Saved.

Paris.—Georges Metayer of Bardeau was the only passenger rescued of the 474 aboard the steamer Africaine when she was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay.

M. Metayer said that many others might have been saved, but that they refused to enter the boats.

SAVING EXPERIENCE IS VALUABLE

Charter 1905

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on Dec. 31, 1919.

## LIABILITIES

Dollars Cts.

1. a. Loans and discounts, including fed. funds, (except those shown in b and d) .....	156,452 49
Total loans .....	156,452 49
a. Foreign bills of exchange or drafts paid with endorsement of this bank, not shown under item d, above (less item 6c) .....	12,617 13
b. Deposited securities .....	2,937 13
c. Government securities .....	1,000 00
d. Deposited securities in circulation (U. S. Bonds par value) .....	109,991 99
e. Placed to secure U. S. deposits (par value) .....	67,025 21
f. Owned and unpledged .....	1,172,897 44

2. Total U. S. Government securities .....

3. Other bonds, securities, etc.

    a. Bonds (other than U. S. bonds) pledged to secure U. S. deposits .....

    b. Deposited securities .....

    c. Securities, other than U. S. bonds, not including stocks owned unpledged .....

    d. Total bonds, securities, etc. other than U. S. bonds .....

    e. Bonds of Federal Reserve Banks, by date and number .....

    f. Bonds of banking houses owned and unpledged .....

    g. Bonds in banking houses .....

    h. Furniture and fixtures .....

    i. Coal in vault and net amount due from banks .....

    j. Checks on other banks in the same city or town as the banking bank (other than Item 16) .....

    k. Total of Items 23, 14, 16, 18 and 17 .....

    l. Deposited funds with U. S. Treasury and due from U. S. Treasury .....

    m. Interest earned but not paid (approximate) .....

    n. Notes and bills receivable not due .....

    o. Total .....

    p. Capital stock paid in .....

    q. Surplus fund .....

    r. Undivided profits .....

    s. Interest and discounts, interest and taxes paid .....

    t. Interest and discount accrued or credited, in advance .....

    u. Circulating notes outstanding .....

    v. Net amounts due to national banks .....

    w. Net amounts due to banks, bankers and trust companies .....

    x. Certificates of deposit outstanding .....

    y. Total of Items 20, 21, 22 and 23 .....

    z. Demand deposits other than those subject to Item 14, above (deposits payable within 30 days) .....

    aa. Individual deposits subject to check .....

    bb. Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days, other than money borrowed .....

    cc. Dividends unpaid .....

    dd. Total of demand deposits other than bank deposits subject to Reserve Items 20, 21, 22 and 23 .....

    ee. Bills payable with Federal Reserve Bank .....

    ff. Total .....

    gg. Capital stock paid in .....

    hh. Surplus fund .....

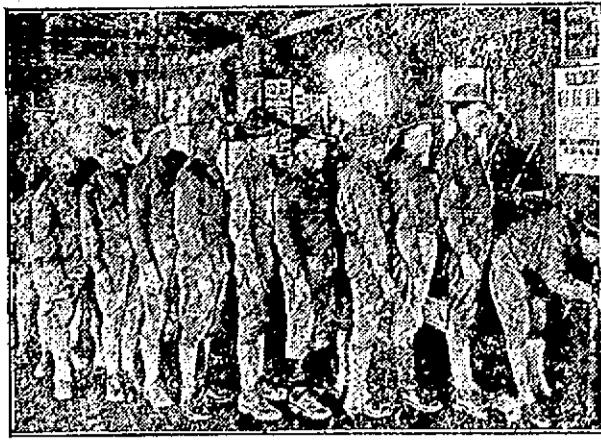
    ii. Undivided profits .....

    jj. Interest and discounts, interest and taxes paid .....

    kk. Interest and discount accrued or credited, in advance .....

    ll. Circulating notes outstanding .....

## The "Y" Water Wagon



The Way They Lined Up for Cold Water at Y. M. C. A. Huts to Quench the Great American Thirst

THE "Y" IN  
CZECHOSLOVAKIASixty Huts Now Being Operated  
by Red Triangle.

Prague, Czechoslovakia.—Sixty Y. M. C. A. buildings, staffed by fifty secretaries, are now in operation in Czechoslovakia, and plans for further extension have been approved by President Masaryk and his ministers. Huts are dotted over Moravia, Bohemia, Slovakia and that part of Silesia which is included in the new republic.

Some of the stations are castles, others are barracks or private dwellings. At Komarno, the government turned over to the association a handsome building formerly used as the Austrian officers' clubhouse. Now the common soldiers write their letters and see the movies inside its palatial walls.

Every soldier in Czechoslovakia is familiar with the Red Triangle of the "Y" and what it stands for. Interpreted in Czech, the four letters of the association are "Vojensky Domov."

The government through President Masaryk and the Minister of National Defense, Klosac, has aided and backed the work at every turn. Buildings have been furnished at the expense of the government, fifty soldiers and several officers have been assigned to assist in carrying on the activities, transportation of men and material is granted, in addition to further courtesies such as free telephone and telegraph service, franking privileges on mail and other accommodations.

In connection with the "Y" "Domov" at Zlin, there is a Y. M. C. A. training school. New secretaries, officers and soldiers assigned from the army to "Y" work and officials and civilians interested in the work are sent there for special courses.

Through an arrangement with the government, 75 athletic officers were recently given an intensive ten days' training, for work with the army. The foremen were spent in the class rooms where they not only took notes and received information on athletic games recommended for soldiers, but learned something of the history of American athletics and outdoor games.

All the usual activities of the "Y" are found in the buildings. Quantities of writing material, specially printed in Czech are distributed. Phonographs with American, French, Italian and Czech discs work from morning until night. Moving picture shows, concerts, boxing matches and lectures take place regularly.

All the best Czech magazines and Czech, French and English books are to be found in every building. American stunt games are very popular. During the summer, the government turned over a large floating bathhouse at Prague to the Y. M. C. A. The "Y" also used an attractive and commodious boathouse on the river.

The Y. M. C. A. has been operating in Czechoslovakia since last January. During the winter months, war kept them busy on two fronts. One front was against the Magyars on the Hungarian border in Slovakia, the other against the Poles in the Teschen coal field region. The latter has been quiet for many months but the Magyar front presents many difficulties.

## The Poilus' Home



A typical Lager in Soldat—The Equipped French Army. The Y. M. C. A. Built and Maintained This in France.

Up Against the Real Thing. Maurice was obstinate, and Robert, two years his senior, was endeavoring to make him mind. Finally he marched over to him, and, grasping him by the collar, shook him, and said, "Look here, young fellow, you haven't got your father to deal with this time."

JAN. 1 WITNESSES OPENING  
OF 1920 NATIONAL THRIFT  
CAMPAIGN IN NEW ENGLANDSuccess of Campaign to Date Prompts Treasury  
Dept. to Continue Thrift Education and Sale  
of Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

January 1 witnessed the opening of the 1920 National Thrift Campaign in New England. So successful was this Thrift movement during 1919 that the Treasury Department decided to "carry on" the work of teaching the country Thrift and it has not only determined to continue the work of the district organizations but it has made known the fact that the sale of Thrift Stamps, War Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates will be continued indefinitely.

Directors of the Savings Division, First Federal Reserve District, in charge of the National Thrift Campaign in New England, believe that now as never before in these times of high prices, social unrest and other economic disturbances that a Thrift movement in New England, aimed to teach the people the benefits derived from Thrift living and the investment of their savings in such securities as Thrift Stamps, War Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates, is needed to help reduce high prices, put a stop to the orgy of spending, and to help insure the future prosperity of the people of this district.

The new 1920 War Savings Stamps which arecarrying in color and bear a likeness of the head of George Washington will be placed on sale at the postoffices through New England on January 1.

She saved her pennies, one by one, The dull ones and the bright; She kept on buying more Thrift Stamps And pasted them in tight.

And showed all white and green.

MARY'S LAMB AGAIN

Mary had a little book, With pages white as snow; And everywhere that Mary went That book was sure to go.

Because it was a Thrift Stamp book Its pages neat and clean Were just to paste her Thrift Stamp in

And showed all white and green.

St. Andrew's is not the only church that is opened but once a year. Goose Creek church, some ten miles away, and built in 1706, was also built under a crown grant with the same provision. With the growth of the city, known as "Charleston by the Sea," and with better roads, the attendance at the small parish churches diminished. When the last of these plantations was reduced in grandeur and wealth by the Civil war, and the slaves were scattered all over the globe, those who were emboldened to their fathers.

A love of tradition, a reverence for the past that makes Charleston charming, sees to it that the order of the royal grant is obeyed, and a rusty key is turned in a rusty lock once a year; in St. Andrew's on Easter Sunday, and in Goose Creek the Sunday after. And Charleston fills up its gasoline tanks on these days and rides out; and those who haven't automobiles or other personal means of conveyance, go out by special train, for so far has the present dared to intrude on the past that special excursions are run by the railroad for these occasions.

Woman As a Bull Fighter.

One would have thought that to enter into combat with a bull demanded more courage than any member of the gentler sex possesses. But even this dangerous calling has had its female follower, London Tilt-Bits states. "Johanna Maestrelle was the name of the lady in question. At an early age she was taken to see a bull fight in Portugal. Her feminine susceptibilities, far from revolting at the spectacle, were aroused to a keen desire and determination to emulate the prowess of the torero. A teacher of the art was so struck with her keenness, physique, and beauty that he offered to become her instructor and to train her as a torera. She made her first appearance in the arena at Oporto. The trial proved that her agility and skill were equal to her courage, for she quickly laid out two ferocious bulls and rode off in triumph amid thunders of applause."

To Keep Suffrage Mementoes.

A portrait of Susan B. Anthony, together with the table upon which was written the call for the Seneca Falls convention of 1848—the first active movement in America to give women the vote—has been presented to the National American Woman Suffrage association. The portrait was painted by Sarah J. Eddy, and for the last two years it has hung in the headquarters of the national association. It represents Miss Anthony not as an inflexible leader of a great cause, but as a smiling, gray-haired woman, upon whose knee children are laying roses. The table was presented to Miss Anthony by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the convenors of the first convention.

Finnish Agriculture.

In spite of its northern position and its poor soil, agriculture is still the chief occupation of Finland, even though the cultivated area covers only 8.5 per cent of the land. The co-operative movement, the introduction and use of modern agricultural machinery and improved methods of cultivation have greatly helped in the development, but there is ample opportunity for further development. Cattle raising and dairying also have grown considerably the last decades. The lumber industry ranks second in importance, with about 61 per cent of the area of the country forest lands.

The Very Idiot.

Farmer—Got a posthole auger in stock, Sir?

Storekeeper—Why, ain't you done your plantin' yet, Sir?

Farmer (registering innocence)—Plantin' what?

Stop, be per—licker, you old fool!

Buffalo Express.

Or Is It the Telephone?

Personal in London Times: "Dick Tinkling-along-ling, 'E'en," which, translated from alarm clock language into the vernacular, means: "Wake up, Dick, and get onto your job!"—Boston Transcript.

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the  
Signature of *Castor*

## HAVE REAL CHARM

## Old South Carolina Churches

## Well Worth Visit.

St. Andrew's, Built in 1702, Once Notable Aristocratic House of Worship—Goose Creek Edifice Also Interesting.

The charm to some places is that the changes to them come slowly, and this is the atmosphere that envelopes Charleston, S. C., a town of quaint old streets, musty churches, lovely old trees, and hand-wrought iron doors and gates that first opened to admit subjects of a British king.

One leaves all this behind and rides out over 12 miles of the roughest of country roads under trees decorated with long ghostlike strands of Spanish moss to enter a church whose doors swing open but once a year. It is St. Andrew's church in St. Andrew's parish, and it opens once annually because this was the condition stipulated in the original crown grant. St. Andrew's church was built in 1702. For a century or more it was the regular Sunday meeting place of rich and aristocratic Southerners who lived on adjoining plantations, and it is not difficult on a warm spring day to stand under the moss-hung trees near the church and visualize the past. The men and women dressed in gay silks and satins for church-going in those days, and they rode to service in grand style with a pair of handsome horses drawing a commodious carriage, with a negro slave on the box, and the negroes riding or walking behind.

Should Dr. Larson's new discovery be accepted by law and science, the Slingsby decision may be reversed, as well as many other analogous cases.

Dr. Larson's investigations began in 1913 at the Boston university.

"Since that time I have examined prints of members of approximately 100 families," he said, "and I am satisfied in my own mind that such a means of identification is possible. I am preparing detailed reports of my work now in order that science may be benefited by my discovery. Before I complete this, however, I expect to investigate the prints of fifteen or twenty additional families so as to remove all doubts as to the accuracy of my discovery."—San Francisco Chronicle.

## AMBER FORMED BENEATH SEA

Natural Realm of Pines Turned Into Precious Material by the Action of the Elements.

The world's supply of amber, that rare and therefore precious substance, the "gold of the north," as it has been called, comes from the coast of Samland in the eastern Prussian peninsula, between the towns of Bartenstein and Palmenkien, and here the shafts of a famous mine run out under the Baltic and the miners are actually working under water. Ages ago the country was a land of pine forests which the ocean overwhelmed; the pine trees vanished beneath the surface of the sea, and then, century by century, the wood became fossilized and the natural resin of the pines was turned into amber, and the search for amber has developed romantic and picturesque episodes like those that have become part and parcel of the story of gold and diamonds. An amber mine, however, is not necessarily under water, and there is an open-air mine at Palmenkien where amber is dug for much the same way as diamonds are sought in the mines of Kimberley. In normal times this one mine provides occupation for about 8,000 amber seekers.

Our Own Masters.

We have been told that America is to save the world and rescue civilization from dissolution, but we must do it in our way; in the way that has made us, in a little more than a century, the most united, the most virile, and the most potent single power in the world. And when we ask ourselves what it is that has given us this unity, this virility, and this potency, the answer is, that we have founded this nation upon principles of law, and upon the guarantees of individual rights under the law. That is our great contribution to civilization; and if we are to be of use to other nations, old or new, our first thought must be to remain our own masters, to preserve our independence, to control our own forces as a nation by our own laws, and to protect our heritage of organized liberty from any form of detraction or perversion.—David Jayne Hill in the South American Review.

Great Warrior of Middle Ages.

The pride and magnificence that played their part in the days of chivalry can hardly have a better illustration than the suit of equestrian armor which has recently been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York city. Sieur Jacques Gourdon de Genouillac wore the suit in the sixteenth century, and Sieur Jacques was an uncommonly large and powerful warrior, who served under Louis XII. and Francis I. of France. As may be deduced from their armor, the knights of the period were not noticeably large men, and Sieur Jacques must have seemed a veritable giant, for a six-foot attendant at the museum has tried on his armor and is said to have "merely rattled around in it."

Sea Moss.

Owing to the war the supply of "sea moss," of which several hundred thousand pounds, valued at almost \$50,000, have been imported annually, for the most part from France and Germany, has virtually come to an end. Sea moss (not seaweed) is the popular name of several kinds of small marine animals that grow in colonies of a branching, plantlike form. Their commercial value arises from their having a horny skeleton which preserves the general plantlike shape of a

the growth of the growth.

Difference of Custom.

"In old England people showed their excitement by saying 'Zounds!'"

"And in New Jersey the commuters say 'Zones!'"

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the  
Signature of *Castor*

Charles M. Cole,  
PHARMACIST,  
302 THAMES STREET  
Two Doors North of Post Office  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

## TURNED TO COMMERCIAL USE

Historic Mansion in Mexico City Remodeled and Made Into Typical American Drug Store.

The conversion of the "House of Tiles" in the City of Mexico into a typical American drug store marks the passing of one of the most palatial and unique structures ever erected in that city of interesting buildings. Many persons in the United States remember the house as the "Jockey club," the most exclusive and aristocratic place of its kind in the Republic, but for the past few years it has stood on a prominent downtown corner, a bleak, decrepit structure, whose gaudy and gaudy exterior of tile gave evidence of its former glory. Soon it will open for business as a drug store.

The date when the building's foundations were laid is lost in obscurity, but it is thought that it was started about 1590. Later it came into the possession of Don Luis de Rivero, a man of varied career, who was responsible for its exterior coat of tiles. These latter are of blue, yellow and white, Moorish in design, and were made by artisans brought from Talavera, Spain, by the Dominican friars in the sixteenth century. They were modeled in a special ceramic factory at Puebla, about 75 miles distant, and the completion of this decoration was the occasion for a public celebration.

The family of Don Luis de Rivero, who later became the count of Orizaba, remained in possession of the house until the time of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian. Its last occupant was a sister of the then Count de Orizaba, upon whom the emperor conferred the title of marquesa de Orizaba.

Later the structure was taken over by the Jockey club and converted into a sumptuous club house. Stories of fabulous sums won and lost at its gaming tables persist to this day. Stirring revolutionary times caused its abandonment, and for several years the building was vacant until the present lessees secured it for a period of twenty years.

Indicative perhaps of an intention by the government to restore it later is the fact that before renovation started photographs were taken of all interesting portions of the building, including the huge carved door.

## Freakish Costumes.

In the reign of Henry VIII of England the sleeve was generally a separate article of dress, and in Stubbes' time sleeves hung down to the skirts, "trailing on the ground and cast over the shoulders like a cow's tail." Viollet-le-Duc gave cuffs which hung down 14 inches longer than the hand, thus proving that the wearer never worked. In the time of James I sometimes three pairs of gloves were worn, one over another. A curious custom arose about 1701 of hat-wearing within doors. The Padhun young women put metal collars around their necks when they were young children till they numbered between 20 and 30 and the necks of the wearers were stretched out in the most grotesque and uncomfortable fashion. African belles wear great copper rings on their limbs, which get so hot in the sun that an attendant has to carry water with which occasionally to cool them down.

## Dressed Beef.

Some soldiers at camp spited a cow in a nearby field and after capturing her with the intention of having a drink of milk on the owner they discovered to their disgust that she was dry.

A disappointed doughboy leveled his gun at her, saying: "She'd look better to me as dressed beef."

"Give you \$5 if you turn the trick," said another. "It's a go," said the first one. "I'll turn her into dressed beef before morning and claim that \$5."

None of us thought he meant it, but in the morning he claimed the money, saying the cow was now dressed beef. We had to be shown, so were taken to the field, and there, sure enough, the cow was dressed. She was careering about the field in a complete outfit of the kitchen police.—Exchange.

## Useless to Try.

These were the words in a lecture, which aroused untimely mirth at my expense: "The paths up this mountain are too steep for even a mule to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent myself."—Exchange.

## Many Minds Make Speech.

No man can make a speech alone, it is the great human power that strikes up from a thousand minds that acts upon him, and makes the speech.—James A. Garfield.

## Longest Dance.

William Kemp, aged seventeen, in the reign of Elizabeth danced from London to Norwich in nine days, the longest dance on record.

## BEYOND PUNY MAN

Before Volcanic Eruptions He Is Helpless.

Fact Made Manifest by the Indifference Which He Goss About His Business After the Disasters Have Passed.

Under no circumstances does man show to less advantage than when a volcano sends forth its torments. As a figure of speech, man may consider himself to be a puny creature, but his working opinion of himself is by no means so small. In Java the earth groaned, and 10,000 people were wiped out of existence like so many ants. Perhaps only 10,000 were killed; perhaps 100,000. No one will ever know; no one will ever be concerned in the matter beyond the desire to arrive at a reasonable guess as to the loss of life. It will always be a vague question, to be discussed in round numbers. The Japanese, who perished were indeed puny creatures, whose memory will be nothing more than a mathematical approximation.

As far back as man has a history there are details of volcanic eruption to testify to the haphazard, unworkmanlike fashion in which this world of ours was made. Pompeii and Herculaneum are household words to people who do not know where Vesuvius stands, but Stabiae, which was engulfed with them, seems to have escaped literary notice. Between Vesuvius and Pelee there are few who have any knowledge of the volcanic catastrophes that have suddenly overwhelmed thousands of human beings. Messina still tingers vague in the public mind, and Pelee, by reason of its comparatively close proximity, can be recalled, although one must ordinarily consult books of reference to determine whether the loss of life was 30,000 or 300,000. The Krakatoa eruption, which took place in 1883 on the Sunda sea not far from the Kalut explosion, has been studied for years by scientists, but the fact that 30,000 persons were killed is an inconsequential detail. The Krakatoa explosion is not remembered because it caused 30,000 deaths, but because it occasioned some puzzling atmospheric phenomena. Souffre, a neighbor of Mount Pelee, has a long record of disaster, in which the mortality figures are usually overlooked. The fact that the explosion was heard in South America, while it was not heard at distances of 20 miles, is considered of much more importance. Souffre, it may be recalled, was in eruption at the same time as Mount Pelee, but on this occasion it killed less than 1,500 persons. Perhaps for this reason it is never mentioned.

Before the volcano man stands helpless, and he recognizes this fact by his indifference. He buries his dead and goes about his business. As in the case of the Messina disaster, he only waits for the ground to cool, when he goes to work imperturbably raising his crops on the dangerous mountain side. In the meantime he tries to gratify his taste for information by studying volcanoes, but without any hope of being able to protect himself.

## Norman Kings

The names of the early dukes of Normandy, as well as their family history, are known but very dimly; and it may be as well that it should be so, for their descent does not seem to have been as orthodox as it might. Be that as it may, the dukes appear, in such reliable annals of their times as we possess, under their Christian names only.

Thus, William I of England (William II of Normandy) was the illegitimate son of his predecessor, Robert the Devil, or of a young woman of Falaise, a tanner's daughter named Arleita, or (as some say) Herleva. The birth records of Robert's predecessors, Richard the Good, Richard the Fearless and William Long-Sword, were equally snatched; and of the parentage of Raoul or Rolla (christened "Robert"), the first duke of Normandy of whom we have any historical knowledge, we have no data whatever.

**Neat Picture Framing.**  
If you do your own picture framing, first of all be sure that the glass is immaculately clean next to the picture. Then next to the picture lay a piece of paper, then a layer of cardboard, and weight it while you drive in the tiny nails to the sides of the frame. The frame should be laid on something soft while this is being done, and against something hard while the nails are driven in. When the picture is placed, paste a piece of heavy paper over the back of the entire frame, and insert screw-eyes to hold the picture wire or cord. Pictures are always hung, now, flat on the wall.

**Pine Stumps Worth Millions.**  
Norway pine stumps obstruct agricultural development in northern Minnesota potentially are worth about \$300,000,000, according to the state auditor.

"Distillation of pine stumps is a problem of recent development," he said. "It is done to secure various ingredients of great commercial value. Experiments have proven pine stumps on cut-over northern Minnesota lands are exceptionally rich in resins and adapted to the manufacture of turpentine, pine tar, pine creosote, pine oil and similar products. A company is being formed to establish a plant in the northern part of the state."

**Some Fur Everywhere.**

"There is hardly a farm," says one authority, "that will not produce at least fifty dollars worth of fur each season, especially at present prices. Trapping is a pleasant occupation for the farmer and his boys in the fall after the rush of work is ended and aside from the time used in setting and tending the traps the money derived from it is all clear profit!"

## THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS LOST EACH YEAR TO DAIRYMEN THROUGH IMPROPER COOLING



In Times of Cold Weather Prepare for Hot Weather—Harvesting Ice in a Northern State.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Each year dairymen lose thousands of dollars from returned sour milk, poor butter, and low-quality cheese. These losses are largely due to improper cooling of milk and cream on the farm, according to dairy specialists. For good results milk and cream should be cooled to 60 degrees or lower and held there; and as this usually can best be done by the use of ice, dairymen should take advantage of any nearby lake or stream to obtain a supply of ice for next year.

## Ice Costs Little.

The ice harvesting season fortunately comes at a time when there is the least work on the farm for men and teams, and consequently the actual money cost is usually hot very great.

The quantity of ice needed depends upon the location of the farm—which in the North or in the South, the number of cows milked, and the method of handling the product. In the northern states it has been found that, with a moderately good ice house, one-half of a ton of ice per cow is sufficient to cool cream and hold it at a low temperature for delivery two or three times a week. One and one-half or two tons per cow should be provided where milk is to be cooled.

## Capacity of Ice Houses.

A cubic foot of ice weighs about 57 pounds, so in storing ice it is customary to allow from 30 to 60 cubic feet per ton for the mass of ice. At least 12 inches must be left between the ice and the wall of the building, for insulation, unless the ice house has permanently insulated walls and an unusually large space for insulation beneath and above the ice.

Where a lake, pond, or stream of clear water is not available, some preliminary work in preparing the ice field will be required before freezing weather sets in. It is therefore advisable to make all plans for the work as soon as possible. Water for the ice supply should be entirely free from contamination or pollution. Ponds and sluggish streams usually have grass and weeds growing in them, so that the ice harvested is likely to contain deleterious vegetable matter, which is always objectionable. They should, therefore, be thoroughly cleared of such growths before the ice has formed.

In some sections it is necessary to impound the water for producing ice. This may be done either by excavating, and diverting a stream into the excavation, or by constructing dams across low areas. In localities where very low temperatures prevail for several weeks at a time, and the supply of pure water is limited, blocks of ice may be frozen in metal cans or in special fiber containers.

In harvesting ice it is desirable to have a field of sufficient size to fill the ice house at a single cutting, as the thickness and quality of the ice will

be more nearly uniform, and the necessary preparation for cutting and harvesting need be made but once. In many instances, however, the size of the pond or stream is such that it is necessary to wait for a second crop in order to fill the ice house. The average farmer requires only a comparatively small quantity of ice, so that even a small harvesting surface will usually prove large enough, especially if ice is cut the second time. The square feet of surface required per ton when the ice is of different thicknesses is shown in the following table.

Size of Ice Surface Required

Thickness of Ice, Inches	Per Ton of Ice.	
	Number of Cakes Required	Cutting Space Required Per Ton
4	31.3	105.4
6	20.9	70.2
8	15.6	42.6
10	12.5	42.1
12	10.4	35.1
14	8.9	32.1
16	7.8	26.3
18	6.9	22.4
20	6.3	21.1
22	5.7	19.1

Few Tools Required.

When a small quantity of ice is to be harvested, but few tools are required. The following list contains those actually needed for harvesting ice on a small scale: Two ice saws, one hand marker, one pulley and rope, two pairs of ice tongs, two ice hooks, one pointed bar, and one straight edge. While these tools are all that are necessary, additional ones, such as the horse plow and marker, horse scupper and marker, and a culling bar are convenient and will help to expedite the work of ice harvesting.

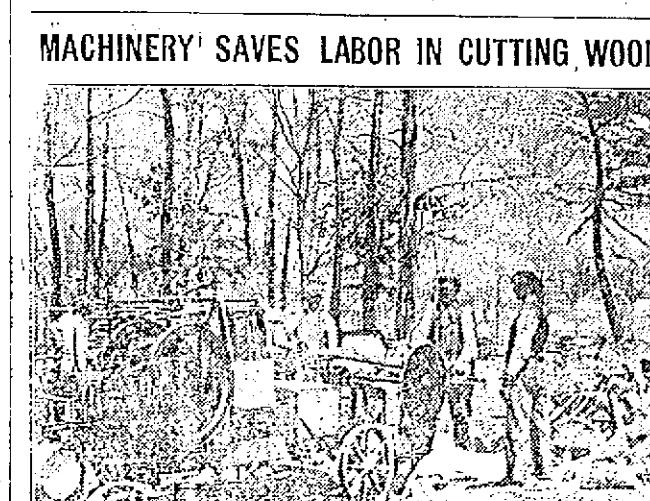
## U. S. BUTTER EXPORTS SMALL

This Country Furnishes Less Than 1 Per Cent of Product That Figures in Trade.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In spite of vast grazing lands in the United States this country furnishes less than 1 per cent of the butter that figures in world or international trade, according to statistics recently compiled by the United States department of agriculture. However, the same fact, expressed in terms of the total number of pounds of butter exported, does not look so insignificant, since the annual total for at least one year in each of the last six decades has approached 30,000,000 pounds. There has been marked fluctuation in this country's exports of butter, the amount frequently dropping to less than one-third of the total for the big years. The relation between domestic and foreign prices has been the determining factor in these changes.

During the last few years our exports, small as they are relatively, have been going to 70 different countries, colonies, and dependencies.



Buzz Saw Operated by a Gasoline Engine.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Machinery is valuable in cutting firewood and is especially valuable now. Machinery speeds up wood cutting, and means more wood and therefore more coal saved.

The cost of cutting a cord of wood with a buzz saw is approximately 20 cents. All small trees and cordwood can be cut readily with a buzz and circular saw. Large logs above 10 to 12 inches in diameter can be cut best with a drag saw, although the latter will not cut so rapidly. The sawing outfit may be owned cooperatively or may be used for custom work.

## Woman's Right.

Frank and Lucile were playing at keeping house and soon a disagreement arose over money matters. Lucile appealed to her mother to settle the question. "Mother," she asked, "we women should always carry the pocketbook. Shouldn't we?"

## Bad Taste.

The expression "bad taste" originated in the fact that tape-dyed cloth is a commodity and largely used in public and private business in tying up papers, hence it has come to refer to excessive formality and routine in business transactions.

## HOW SPAIN'S OLIVE OIL IS PRODUCED AND PLACED ON THE MARKET

—In Spain there are 3,251,283 acres planted with olive trees. Of their products about 97 per cent is for oil. The yield of olive oil varies widely from year to year; in 1911 it was 421,782 metric tons; in 1912 only 63,001 tons; in 1917, 427,830 tons; in 1918, 255,202 tons. In odd years the yield is normally greater than in even years.

Though there are oil mills, the greater part of the oil is pressed by the producers. After pressing, the pulp, called orujo, is sold to the sulphur factories, the product of which is used in making soap. The residue is a brown, lacy charcoal-like substance used as fuel. This generates high heat.

The quality of oil depends upon the acid content. Oil with less than half of one per cent of acid brings the highest price, but anything up to three per cent is considered edible.

It is contrary to law to mix olive oil with any other oil in Spain, but, of course, this does not prevent its adulteration in other countries. In the first five months of 1919 edible olive oil to the value of \$3,152,214 was exported to the United States from Malaga.

## Why Varnish Tree Is Dreaded.

Varnish is produced in China from a tree commonly spoken of as the varnish tree, but known botanically as *Illius verneffera*, which is found in abundance in the mountains of Hupeh, Kweichow and Szechwan.

The varnish is taken from the tree after it is about six inches in diameter by tapping at intervals of from five to seven years; until the tree is fifty or sixty years of age. A good-sized tree will yield from five to seven pounds of varnish.

The natural color of the crude varnish as applied is black. It is considered the most indestructible varnish known. One particularly is that it hardens only in a moist atmosphere.

In China it is erroneously known among the foreign communities as "Ningpo varnish," probably because it first came into contact with foreign trade here.

Many persons are poisoned when they come into even atmospheric contact with this varnish, which fact, unfortunately, reduces its trade possibilities enormously. As yet no method has been discovered whereby this poisonous quality can be counteracted, an exchange states.

## Why "Walls Have Ears."

"Walls have ears," the cautious say. This expression originated with a courtier of the days when Marie Medici sat upon the throne of France. The queen was a suspicious woman, and the troubous times in which she lived probably made her more apprehensive than she otherwise would have been. Her fear of the plots and plotters led to installation in the Louvre of a system somewhat like our modern telephone. This consisted of numerous tubes running from one room to another, which were called "nuriculaires." These were supplemented by hollow passageways in which the queen or her agents might listen to a conversation beyond the wall. A writer of her time records that a follower of the court to whom he was talking one day in the Louvre suddenly halted and with finger to lips reminded him that "walls have ears."

